

Yume Nikki:Chapter 01

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You're dreaming again.

Part 1 - You

Chapter 1: A small room [\[edit\]](#)

You are standing in a small room.

Without making the slightest sound, in this dim, lonely and small room.....

You simply stand, absentmindedly, as if you have yet to learn how to move.

With your childish braids.

With your clothes, that share the color of awfully fresh guts.

With your head down, making it hard to see your face.

You start to move your fingertips, slightly, as if you were trembling. You turn your head, the movement slow with fear. You take a few steps, walking awkwardly. Then, you look around you. Like a baby that was just born.

Soon, you start to investigate the room around you by yourself, gaining some confidence.

Approaching everything that catches your eye, feeling it, getting your face close, as if you wanted to ascertain its taste and smell.

It's as if you expected an impossibly amusing and interesting story to start here.

As if you were convinced that your actions would lead to some kind of reaction.

But even though you walk and move around, you don't have any influence on your surroundings. Nothing changes, as if it wasn't alive at all.

Isn't it just the same as if it were a dream?

Isn't it just the same as if it were empty?

You start to walk with new determination, set on finding *something*, some sort of purpose. You walk, and walk... You look like an evil ghost obsessed with this small room.

Eventually, you come across a glass door that seems to lead out of here. As you stand in front of it, you keep glancing back at the room behind you, uncertain. Then, with some reluctance, you place your hand against the surface of the door.

And you walk through the smoothly-opening glass door, to the outside.

But--



This place is also empty.

It is just a cramped veranda that only leads back to the small room.

There is nothing. Not even plants where a little bird could rest its wings. It's completely deserted. Dead.

There are barely any signs anyone ever resided here at all. There is only the bare minimum: a water pipe, the outdoor unit of the air conditioning and an empty planter, as if the previous inhabitant abruptly got up and ran away in fear one night, abandoning it all before he could have the chance to make anything of it.

You walk up to the handrail, and look back to the small room you were in just now. It's a tall but narrow apartment complex--or so it seems. It's hard to assess its height from where you're standing, and there is no other building in sight. In fact, there is nothing around at all.

A thick, mushy cloud hangs in the sky, near-impenetrable to the shining glow of the moon. You finally seem to realize that this is not "outside". "Outside" is supposed to be bright and free, a world with so many things to look forward to... But this veranda looks like the mental scenery one would have when depressed. The clouds and the handrail create an enigmatic feeling of hopelessness, as if everything was detached from the outside world, closed off.

A sudden suffocating sensation rises up in your throat, and to get away from it, you run back into the room.

You have your eyes half closed, as if you were extremely bothered about there being a meaning to the room or not, or as if simply bored by it all.

The carpet has this strange, vivid design, like pieces of human flesh that had been torn and restitched together. You stare at that cheerful face on the carpet that appears to you to be sneering, as if you'd expected it to start a conversation. But of course, nothing happens.

Everything is full of nothingness.

An awfully old fashioned Braun tube TV. A game machine that could not even be used to idly waste one's time, with only one, extremely simple game. Cushions, scattered thoughtlessly across the floor, though there were never any guests who would use them. A shelf with neatly-arranged books, just your height. Did you line them up yourself? But the dust is piling up, and the titles are blurred out and cannot be read.

A diary, placed over a simple desk that looks like it could just as well be part of an interrogation room.

And that awfully fascinating soft bed.

You wander towards the bed, but you find the door of the room on your way. Your movements are dull. It's as if you were afraid of something. You approach the door with difficulty, and touch it with your hand. Immediately you are overtaken with nausea, and you hang your head low, hopelessly shaking it.

You can't get out--or maybe you don't want to?

You head to the bed, your only remaining escape. There is nothing else to do in this lonely, boring room. So maybe, at least, you can find some freedom in the world of dreams. You crawl into the bed with the same clothes on your body, and pull the blankets up over your head.

Like this, you could shield your eyes from everything.

--You fall asleep in just three seconds.

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Yume Nikki:Chapter 02

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Chapter 2: Beyond the door[\[edit\]](#)

You are dreaming.

And yet, your surroundings are unchanged.

As if time had been rewound, you find yourself standing in the small room once again.

You can't help feeling disappointed, but more than that, you are lost; you begin moving back and forth, left and right, aimlessly, fruitlessly. In the end, you stop in place, and simply stand there, bewildered.

A distinct sense of discomfort creeps over you, rooting your feet to the floor.

Given enough time, you come to notice the subtle differences in this dream-room, like a spot-the-differences game. The cushions are not in the same places. The game machine is nowhere to be seen, as if a means of killing time is no longer necessary. Beyond the glass door, from the veranda, one can see soft, gentle beams of light. It isn't a closed space anymore. It isn't empty. No-- it gives off a sense of freedom.

But the biggest change of all... is the sound.

As their body moves, humans subconsciously ignore heartbeats, the sounds of breathing, and the creaks, pumps and squelches made by internal organs, joints, bones, and meat. But suddenly, every single one of those noises resounds clearly in your ears.

It's as though by falling asleep, you have finally started to truly live.

Though it's a dream, it feels nothing like one.

Rather, it feels like you had been sleeping all this time, and have only now opened your eyes...

The boundary between dream and reality slowly grows muddled.

Having gathered your wits and just maybe expecting something to happen, you walk softly towards the door. There is a quiet confidence in your steps -- not a drop of hesitation.

Gently, you wrap your hand around the door knob.

At that moment, the television screen flickers. Inside it appears someone's sneering eye, its blinking set to an eerie rhythm. Without a doubt, it's looking at you.

But you don't notice it. You can only focus on getting away from this cramped, suffocating room. And so, leaning your entire weight on it, you push the door open all the way.

The door makes a snoring noise, and you stumble forward.

On the other side of the door, a bizarre, mysterious scenery is spread out before you. You stand motionless as you take it in, as if in sleep paralysis.

Around you is darkness, and beneath your feet swim the images of demons and gods. But you have no interest in them, and the wicked grins on their faces affect you not.

Seeing you pay them no mind, they become welcoming and docile, inviting you to walk on. And you do, until you find yourself standing in a nexus of doors.

Even though there is no light, the shape of each door is clearly cut against the darkness, refusing to be swallowed

by it. You count one, two, three... twelve doors, forming a circle like the hours in a clock, and you in the middle.

None of the doors seems to be inviting you to open them -- opening doors, after all, takes courage, and that holds especially true for this set of doors in particular, with their strange, unsettling designs. And yet, despite your hesitation, you are at the same time eager to see what lies past them. You can feel your heart beating fast in your chest-- like when one is in love, or when one is excited before a great discovery. So fast that, if you had a scab, thick, revolting blood would probably start to flow from it.

One door seems to have the legs of a spider stitched to its surface. Another one looks as if it had been banged on by dozens of bloodied hands in a frantic attempt to force it open. Yet another one seems to have a living, wet eye on it. Another is embedded with glaring neon lights, like those in the dangerous part of the city, where one could easily get a headache from the bright, flashing lights...

Walking through the circle of doors, you closely examine each one.

As it'd seem, you haven't quite managed to overcome your reluctance to touch them. So for now, you're only looking. In truth, you just might be on a desperate search for a hint, something-- anything at all-- that could tell you which door would be the best to open.

For example, looking at it as a clock, it might be a good idea to start from the one at one o'clock, and keep going clockwise. Or maybe you're on the wrong track altogether, and the most eye-catching one looks that way on purpose, so that you'd go through it first. Conversely, maybe it wouldn't be a terrible idea to take a look at what lies across the plainest one...

But you don't let yourself keep pondering for long. Logic won't work here, you realize, and there doesn't seem to be any one correct answer. There's no one to guide you, either. Looking at it this way, there's really no reason to think about it too deeply.

You aren't being rushed, but as if you hated the idea of meeting someone's eerie grin in the dark,... with the clear intention of using it for its intended purpose, you gently close your fingers around the knob of the nearest door.

You open it.

And finally, you step into the other side.



Chapter 3: The red umbrella[\[edit\]](#)

You stand in a very dim light.

Behind you is the door you just passed through, floating unnaturally above the ground. Besides you and the door, everything is drowned in absolute, limitless darkness.

It makes you think of a very late winter night, just after it had finished raining. Quiet and wet, without a soul in sight. It calls to mind a scene of heading back home after a hard day at school or work, and at long last enjoying some peace. The scenery was just as if it came out from those moments, between happiness and happiness, peace and peace, where the anxiety could make you feel sick.

You seem a little confused.

You start walking around the door, but always keep it in the edge of your view, never stray from it too far, almost like you're bound to it by rope. As if it's a way to ensure it doesn't suddenly vanish behind your back. You're taking safety measures, is all. Or is it just cowardice?

But nothing out of the ordinary happens. The landscape doesn't change, and there is no movement around you-- only that of your own body.

Relieved, or maybe seeking some change, you dare to walk farther.

In this darkness, without any landmark to help you maintain your sense of direction, you decide to use the door as a reference point, and start moving in a straight line from there. You walk on and on, your shoes becoming caked with mud, your braids swinging slowly back and forth.

At your feet, you can see puddles from time to time. It really must have rained recently, then. You calmly walk on without minding the mud that soaks through your socks and dirties your feet.

The puddles swirl-- a hint at something deeper, as if they held the secrets of your future.

Like that beautiful and clear surface, promising happiness and success.

Or that muddy one, bearing a dark omen of hardship and weariness.

Anyone would say that stepping on a puddle is unpleasant. Everyone knows that bacteria and maggots overflow in muddy water, and the inside of your shoes becomes sopping wet, too. It can be seen as an invitation of poor fortune. At least if the water was clear, you could pose the idea as something optimistic, like cleansing your own heart.

As if still trying to determine your destiny, the puddle's surface keeps on changing, from clear to muddy, from muddy to clear. In the rippling reflection, you can see a heavy cloud, like the one that hung in the sky above that small room's balcony, swallowing up the moon's shine with a malicious sort of glee.

Heedlessly, you step over the puddles. Each time you do it, your body's reflection is cast on the water. With every step, ripples appear on the surface, warping the image. Even after you leave the puddle behind, those ripples remain, creating eerie distortions.

Your reflection becomes deformed, as if it were made out of modelling clay, and reshapes itself into a couple of well-dressed adults. They walk on by without looking at you, just glaring at each other, like a couple in the middle of a fight.

That distorted image of you, the couple that was made from you, keeps cursing and spitting at each other.
But you don't notice at all.

You don't see. You don't feel. You are not aware.
But, well, that's just the way you are...

They look like an intimate married couple. One where the closeness allows them to quarrel without needing to hold anything back. Each time the ripples spread, they distort further and further. Until their flabby limbs stretch and their faces crumble, making them look like monsters.
But you do not look at them, and keep walking, farther and farther away.

The water's surface, like a mirror, reflects all things equally. In truth, the other side of the mirror is a different world altogether. But feigning ignorance, simply by closing your eyes and not listening to anything, you keep going on.

When was it that humans started to look in the mirror? It's a curious thing to think about. What first made them fuss over things like their hairstyle and the texture of their skin, leading them to create cosmetics and cover their faces with balms and creams? They look at themselves and think, oh, there's something I'm missing, oh, there's something I wish I could lose. And they think of ways they could fix those things. And as those faults pile up and up, people go about transforming themselves into something else.

At times it is an act born of deep contemplation, and at times it is a bold yet rashly-made choice. Sometimes it is not their own decision to make at all.

But regardless of the outcome, it is thanks to looking in the mirror that those people are able to view themselves from outside.

You don't do that, though.

You walk quickly, pretending not to see yourself. But something near your feet suddenly catches your eye, leading your steps to grind to a halt.
Curious, you brush the hair out of your eyes and crouch down to get a closer look at the thing you very nearly tripped over.

It is a small umbrella.

Against the dreary, rain-soaked backdrop, the red color of the umbrella stands out quite a bit. You pick it up without hesitation, and determinedly open it.

Granted, the time to open an umbrella would be when it's raining, making the action seem laughably pointless. Yet, as if the laws of cause and effect were reversed-- as if you were Alice in the world on the other side of the looking glass-- without warning, it begins pouring rain.

The rain comes down with a thunderous force, as if it wanted to strike something down.

You hold the umbrella closer to your body in attempt to avoid getting wet.

Rain is a symbol of blessing. It falls from the sky like tears. Tears absorb sadness like a sponge, and then escort that sadness outside of the body. They serve a positive function-- almost like their purpose was to brighten your future.

And in this downpour, the puddle at your feet is like a lump of anxiety, rapidly expanding until it overflows, and then finally becoming blurred, images fading, dissolving. The couple that was inside, along with their unsightly, meaningless quarrel, melt away under the ripples.

You continue heading down the path you decided on, without a clue as to where you're headed, or any worries as to what you'll find once you're there. Any uneasiness is buried deep within your chest, as you lightly twirl the handle of the umbrella between your hands.

With no one to hear, you hum a cheerful tune.



Chapter 4: A straight road [\[edit\]](#)

Like that, you keep walking.

In the rain, you must look like a child whose parents went to pick her up after school on a winter day, happily skipping down the pavement with her hands held between each of their own.

Maybe rain isn't such an unpleasant thing for you.

But, instead of your parents walking at your side, there's no one. Completely alone, you keep walking in this empty darkness, as if trying to push aside the continuously falling rain.

In the growing puddles fed by the rain, the quarrelling couple has almost dissolved, but even though they are losing their shape and melting into the mud, they keep on fighting and hating each other. That's okay, though; the sound made by the splatter of raindrops against your umbrella protects you. The couple's quarrel never reached you in the first place. Besides the falling rain, it's awfully quiet around you.

You continue to walk leisurely, until coming to a halt before what seems to be a stairwell.

The awfully tall and narrow entrance protrudes unnaturally from the ground. From there, the stairs go down, connecting to a place you don't know. Bored of your aimless wandering, you head straight into it, probably expecting something.

Though you close the umbrella, you can hear the rain continue to fall behind you with a soft pitter-patter. You begin climbing down the stairs, as if drawn inside by an unseen force.

You shake the water out of your wet braids, and you continue your descent down the staircase that has become wet and slippery. It's dark, and you can't see a thing. You don't know what awaits you at the end of the stairs.

You go down, down, down. In the distance, you can just about make out the tiniest of lights. You head towards it, and the light grows and grows, until you've reached the exit.

You are welcomed by a forest, so dense that it looks like a sea of trees.

Even though you climbed down a staircase, you're clearly outside. It makes no sense, but you don't seem affected by the bizarreness of it. You glance around you with curiosity.

Greenery surrounds you, endlessly, hiding what may lay beyond. The trees block your view, but they look lifeless. There's no clear path among the maze of trees, but suddenly, you drop your umbrella upon seeing something that, even to you, looks jarringly out of place.

In front of you stands a vending machine.

Like a bug drawn to the light, you approach it. It looks like a brand new, but otherwise perfectly mundane vending machine. There's coffee, tea and juice lined up, but nothing that particularly stands out. You press your face close to the glass, like a kid in front of a candy shop, to get a better look at the selection.

You look for some change in your pocket, and when your search yields nothing but lint, you shake your head with a disappointed sigh.

Perhaps this is intended to be the equivalent of a game's hero picking up a potion to reinvigorate his senses and quench his thirst. But since that option is blocked for you, you can only raise your hand to your dry throat and hope

to moisten it by gulping.

Though regrettable, you ultimately have no choice but to give up and step back from the machine. The ground beneath your feet is uneven and rough, but somehow it proves no problem for you at all as you continue walking.

After checking every nook and crack between the tress, you finally see one big enough for your small body to go through.

Once you manage to reach the other side, a path is revealed to you.

It's an asphalt road, but it doesn't look transited. There are cracks running through it, and plants sprouting from them. Without any car passing through, it resembles the decaying corpse of a massive beast.

You step onto the asphalt and look around.

This straight road cuts through the ocean of trees, seemingly endless. As ever, there's no way of telling where it leads, or where it began. But it only feels natural to go down the road, so you do just that.

Your walking steps resound on the asphalt.

The road is long, the end out of sight, like a highway without any car to be seen. Walking through it is not easy.

You walk and walk, on and on. The asphalt sprawls boundlessly beneath your feet, unchanging, and you grow sick and tired of walking. You're coming to realize that you will never get anywhere like this. This highway is a closed space.

And then you notice--

On one edge of the road, just in the corner of your vision, there's something weird.

It stands there, almost like it's floating, calling no attention to itself and easily blending into its surroundings. It's no wonder you didn't see it at first. Actually, how long has it been there?

The white lines drawn across the road have an almost hypnotic effect when you look at them. It's known to be the cause behind some instances of drivers falling asleep at the wheel, even. And by walking for so long and keeping your eyes fixed on the ground, you lost your awareness in the same fashion.

But now that you've noticed the thing, you can't ignore it any more. Something about it fills you with a sense of unease.

No matter how you look at it, you can't make sense of it. It's a perplexing being. You thought it looked human at first, but the impression only lasted a split-second. It's about as tall as you, and could be mistaken for someone covering their body with a raincoat. With the dim hope you might meet someone else after all, you begin to approach it, until you're close enough to make out what it is.

It's not human. If anything, it looks like a jellyfish.

A jellyfish the size of a human being.

Through its skin that's translucent like a plastic bag, you can clearly see the blood flowing inside its internal organs, with that almost-human shape. It's almost enough to make you sick. The large intestine, the small intestine, and all the other organs hang in front of you, floating in blood. And the thing just stands there, not even acknowledging your presence, if it even can.

Scared and more than a little queasy, you step away from it, and then turn around, running back in the direction from which you came.

The road seems to stretch on infinitely before you. Somewhere in the distance, a bell rings, like for the memorial

service at a funeral. As if hinting to your own end as a bloody corpse at a side of the road. It sounds only once. For sympathy.

And you're running away again, hands covering your ears.

Chapter 5: Traffic Light[\[edit\]](#)

You're dreaming. A never ending nightmare. You, running away from the sickening being showing its organs, go back through the road you came from. By doing that, at least you'll be surrounded by the landscape you were becoming used to. You'll find some relief. Or so it should have been.

Before you know it, you're walking through an unknown place. You were supposed to be going back through an straight road without any forks. Going by common sense, this should be impossible. The road under your feet is unchanged, but the trees that grew all around you have disappeared. Your eyes can see an unending darkness, interrupted only by raindrops.

Puzzled, looking around, you gaze at the strange things floating over your head. They look like big crosses. A symbol of sin... but also a symbol of atonement and redemption. If you believe, you will be saved. So, going back to the road was surely the right choice. Without a doubt, getting away from that disgusting organ thing was the right decision.

Your walking pace has become rhythmical, as if you were trying to push yourself forward. After all, for beings that came to save you, they look quite ominous. As if they were standing over a gravestone, with the putrid smell of a corpse lingering in the air.

The crosses rise in frequency, but by no means they get closer to you, and their saving help is nowhere to be seen. The crosses have now grown eyes, and follow your every movement persistently. They look at you, and nothing more. Being in their gaze gives you an indescribable feeling of oppression, and you increase your pace while still going straight ahead, as if trying to shake something off you.

The crosses keep increasing in number, and their gazes multiply with them. To add oil to fire, looking close to them, you realize that they have some kind of raw sexual aura to them. In short, they look like genitals. Even though they were saving symbols just a few moments ago, in some unpleasant way, they have become something that you would definitely never seek help from.

The road goes on endlessly, and the crosses looking at you keep increasing in number. Like when Jesus Christ climbed the hill of Golgota, no one has come to your aid, and the view around you seems to be scorning you with vulgar gossips no matter where you look.

You can't bear this for so long.

Without thinking of how far you've walked, you suddenly stop, turn on your heels, and start walking back. The image of someone going forth and back... is the image of someone lost. You ignore all the malice and spite surrounding you, and walk with your eyes fixated on the road. Before long, the road stops, and the sea of trees is, once again, before your eyes.

Forest are well known for suicides. With its trees, bugs, wild birds and many other animals living in them, they should be a cauldron of life... but the shadow and stench of dead lingers in them. Leaving the city, civilization, and in a place where living beings are not armored by common sense, those people that are too weak seek to end their lives. If you were to die here, you would melt in a huge whirlpool of life, and after devouring every bit of you away, there would be nothing left.

As if you were seeking exactly that, as if you were an applicant for suiciding, you start roaming around while

breathing heavily. The forest becomes increasingly stepped, and the thin path make it even harder to go on. At some point of the road, the red and yellow lights indicating "Stop" or "Danger" from a traffic light can be seen in the distance. As if to advert your eyes from everything, you open your umbrella and cling strongly to it. Amidst the falling rain, you allow yourself to feel some reassurance and take a breath. And you suddenly notice.

There was something laying in front of you. And that something was a dead body. It's lying there, facing the floor, over the puddle of its own blood. As if it was ran over, the corpse was smashed flat. There was almost nothing left that you could identify as limbs or head, making it hard to recognize it as a human corpse the more you looked at it... but, of course, you couldn't decide to mess with it any further looking for anything. It was already badly decaying, and its skin was of a poisonous green. While maggots had already bitten and teared his skin, it was still possible to see he used to be an adult male, now filled with holes. The mud on the rooting corpse, mixing with the rain, changes and blurs the color of his clothes and hair, that wave without resistance.

There was also a ran over frog. That exactly is the first vivid experience with dead for most children living in rural areas. The limbs of a frog are quite similar to a person's, and it's organs are arranged in a similar way. That's the reason why they are so often used as the subject for dissections... and end up meeting such violent deaths.

It may be an effect of the pouring rain, but there is barely any odor here. You frown, put your umbrella over your shoulder, and squat besides the corpse. And down there, as if you impulsively wanted to say something, you opened and closed your mouth without making a sound. Desperately. As if you were trying to bear with a headache. Or as if you were trying to make a confession.

In the real world, you can never meet again the dead. You won't meet them by the street, and never meet their gaze again. That's why, when you meet one in a dream, it usually means you were really attached to them, keep a feeling of guilt, or had some other kind of deep relation with them.

You're there, immobile. In a sense, seeing a corpse is like ascertaining that all humans will someday undoubtedly die. Life always ends in dead. Without exception, a bad end awaits everyone. What you are facing now is suggesting such an ominous future.

The corpse, of course, showed no reaction. The only sound that could be heard was that of the air coming and going from your lips. As if you were hiding something deep inside you, and wanted to finally let it go... but in the end you stop and leave it in the depths of your heart. With your teeth clenched, as if something was trying to get out. But as if, in the end, it was stopped on its way.

The traffic light shakes over your head, worn out by the weather, and suddenly falls. Right on you. You can't react, and over the weird sound that could be heard, you are only given enough time to look upwards... In a kinda comedic way, the traffic light makes a direct hit on your head. With the last electric spurts, the traffic lights blink in green and red before shutting down for the last time.

Chapter 6: The red thread[\[edit\]](#)

A... Are you all right?

The traffic light fell from quite high, and hit you directly on the head. Normally, you'd be dead. But you're dreaming. Since it's a dream, it's all right. There's no problem. As if to ascertain that, you're completely calm. What fell on you was a crosswalk traffic light. The red and green lights, meaning "Stop" and "Continue", vertically arranged... quite a common sight.

The moment the traffic light crashed on you, it mysteriously grew and swelled... and now hides most of your body. As a full body costume would. Your feet stuck out of the bottom. Your shape is that of a mysterious creature, a living traffic light that runs around unsteadily. You seem amused by the possibility of, by some unknown means, being able to change the lights from green to red and back, and are having fun in doing so. Just like a little child playing with a new toy.

There's no way you can see anything with that, but without any kind of hesitation, while still switching the "advance" and "stop" lights on and off, you start to walk away from the dead body. Without any other expression other than "Yes" or "No". Just like a baby. The image of pure innocence. And with that traffic light covering your whole body, you keep walking ahead with those short steps. You really are unable to see anything ahead of you. You just walked over the side street you were walking alongside up until now. You walk in a sort of confident way... that of someone that can't see ahead, and therefore, can't see anything to fear. But that's dangerous.

Just in front of you, at your feet, opens a manhole. A wide open pit. It's no good. If you keep going that way, you'll fall. But since you can't see anything, you don't have any sense of danger, and there's no one close to warn you. But even more, just under your tottering steps, a red, snake like thing is coiled around. It comes out from the manhole, like a plant or some kind of thread. With an unnatural movement, that thing entangles your feet, makes you lose your balance, and you fall.

And just like that... you're going down into the manhole. Further below. Deeper. To even a more farther place. But suddenly reach the bottom.

Luckily, it seems it wasn't such a deep hole. Certainly, not more than falling from a jungle gym. But that was enough to make a crack in the traffic light, and that crack rapidly spreads. From its depths, your face shows a shocked expression.

It seems like the traffic light absorbed most of the impact, and you are completely unharmed. Without even a feeling of pain, you stand up almost immediately. Looking at the fragments of the street light, you shake the dirt of your skirt with your hands. With your recovered sight, you can see the fragments of the street light disappear, just like the fragments of a fleeting dream (what an allegory).

Then you raise your head... and what a sight.

A gigantic face is looking down upon you. In some way, it resembled an octopus, with an obscene shape evoking the image of something fishy. What entangled your feet before was a thread sharing the color of blood and the bright red color of the face. A giant smeared in blood. And with those eerie red threads still hanging in the air, it followed you with its vulgar sight.

Your unarranged skirt exposing your thighs, your swelling breasts... As if you finally noticed its eyesight on those,

you start covering your body with your hands. But those red threads around you keep wriggling, as if they desired you. A huge, red hand begins to approach you. Slowly, as if it wanted take away your very soul. In complete denial, you shake your head and run away. But, as if it wanted to ascertain your scape was certain, the red thread begins to crawl in front of your very eyes. While you hesitate a little, you grab one of the ends of the thread. And, twisting in an unpleasant way, it begins to ascend. Unable to control it, doing unseemly things. Or so it seems, but while trying to bear with this incredibly unpleasant feeling, you cling to it.

You climb the red thread. Your chest, your thighs, your nape,... the red thread coils around you in a lascivious way. At the top you can see a hole, and the thread seems to be tied to something at the other side. It's really small, almost like hope itself, a way out of this hellish scenery. Thinking about that to aid you, and with no other option but to resign, you keep your way up the blood thread. Like the sinner clinging to the spider thread over hell. But what... just what could be that sin you've committed?

Your figure, trying to reach the light, reminds of courage itself, of someone that wants to live, someone that wants to be happy. The proof to the gods that you haven't given up yet. Completely out of breath, and with only the strength of your thin, girly arms to support you during this climb, you finally reach the summit. Your head comes out of the hole, and then, supporting you with both hands, you get your body out of there.

You put your hand over your chest for a while, like someone that just ate something unpleasant and was about to throw out. And then you see the landscape around you has changed once again.

When thinking of the sea of trees or the highway, they looked like places you could have found in the real world. But this place was different. As if you'd entered a different dimension, as if you had reached bizarre space. As if a small kid had scribbled with a pencil over a pure white paper, letting his hand be driven by pure instinct. That's the kind of space this was. A mostly white, vast extension, and every here and there, a few, slim lines would draw strange and unfamiliar shapes.

One of those looked like the head of a male adult.

The place where the red thread was curling up until now has become a completely flat surface... That head is actually looking at you with urge. With bloodshot eyes. Now it's raining, so as if that was the reason, you open your umbrella and cover yourself with it. You cover your whole self. Trying to at least protect yourself from those glaring eyes.

Just like that, avoiding the gaze of the head, you surround it... and find an entrance, that you enter quite cautiously. As if you didn't want to stay in this place any longer. Going around the head gave you an unpleasant feeling, but there was no other entrance or exit. There was no other choice.

You strengthen your grip around the umbrella's handle and go to even further depths.

Chapter 7: Diary[\[edit\]](#)

Suddenly, everything around you changes. You dive into an even deeper dream.

You're walking over a cloud. As one would in a fairy tale. A cloud road surrounded by the most absolute darkness, crossing the sky. It also evokes the image of ascending to heaven, like dancing, in an state of euphoria. But when thinking about ascending to heaven, the image of death also comes to mind. You seem to be having fun, but for some reason, a feeling of uneasiness lingers, and when you look closely at the cloud under your feet, it looks like it's becoming stiff and dark, as if revealing its true nature. It wasn't your real intention, but you seem to have reached quite a height... To someone that wasn't cautious enough, this could look like happiness itself. As if forced to bring out a smile. Just as if a mischievous comfort surrounded you.

Above is another gigantic creature. Something disgusting that looked just like a man driven mad by lust and pleasure. Looking at you like a boy that looks at his toy box and finds a little doll ready to play with, and break it apart, it reaches his hand out to you, ready to do as it pleases. As if you wanted to escape from that, you start to run. Your field of vision opens abruptly. You stand still at the end of this deep darkness.

Over there, a huge animal. At a glance, it's a fearsome beast. Strong constitution, a coercive glare as if it wanted to highlight its violent nature, marked blood vessels, sharps claws and fangs... and unable to vent its anger, this creature is grinding its teeth in rage. A blob of anger and frustration, like that of a man that hates the world after being unable to vent his lust. That symbolic monster is glaring at you, and growling as if ready to attack you any moment. Making a sound with its sharp, carnivorous teeth grinding against each other. An endless, annoying noise.

Disliking it, you cover your ears and step back. And at the same time, you seem to realize. The only one grinding their teeth there... is actually you. Irritated, angry, trying to release some stress... this animal is you. The violent part of yourself that you weren't able to vent, exploding like a bomb, here the voice of your resentment comes out.

This monster... no, every unclear and disturbing landscapes is part of your own dream. Every ominous thing was something your mind created. The ugly things, the disgusting things, they are all crawling inside you, and you just walked up to them. You start to tremble, finally aware of all this. Shaking your head in refusal, troubled by it all, as if you didn't want to keep seeing this nightmare... you look down, defeated, grinding your teeth.

With your fingertips, as if you wanted to ascertain something, you touch your cheek. And you pinch yourself. As if you were begging to wake up if this was a dream.

.....

And then you wake up on your bed. Taking away the blanket that covered up to your head, you take a deep breath, as someone that just came out from underwater. Your face and your chest are completely soaked in sweat. You touch your cheek to assure that you've stopped grinding your teeth. For a short while, you're breathing heavily.

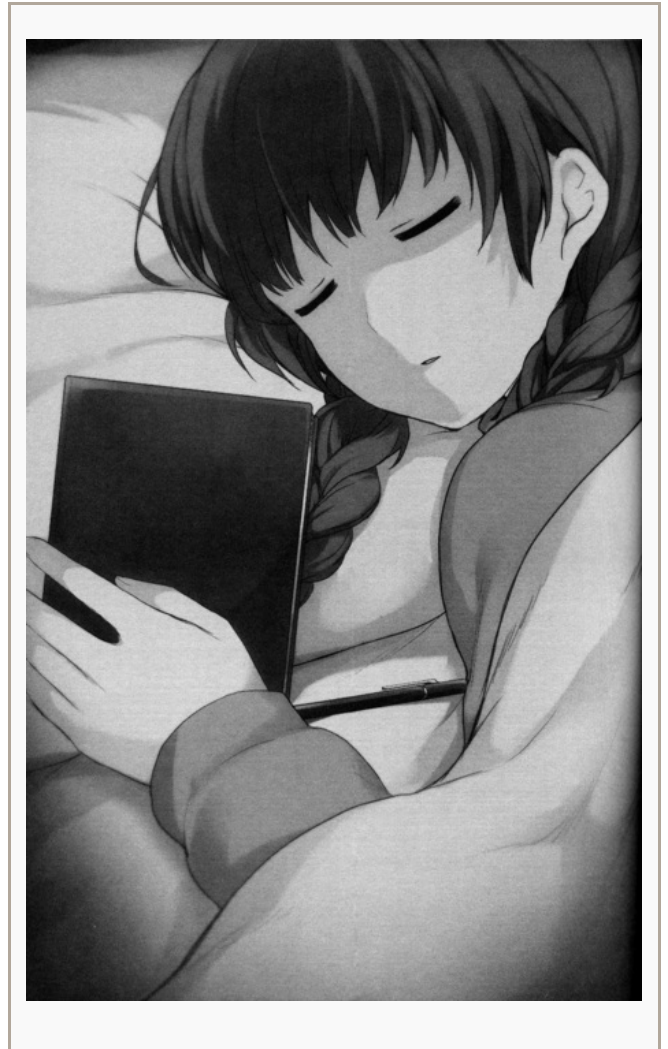
It was a dream after all, although it was obvious. You nod to yourself several times.

Without getting out of the bed, you reach your hands to your desk and lazily grab your diary. You start binding pen traces on it, turning them into characters. Diligently, as if you were in a hurry.

Dreams are things that our unconscious shows us. When you wake up, your unconscious hides deep into your self, away from your reach. That's why you forget so fast about dreams. Just like water that you were trying to hold with

your hands. Trying to stop that same thing from happening, you keep writing character after character, clumsily. You write about the umbrella, about the traffic light, and about everything else. Having used all your energy, and losing once again to drowsiness, you let your head rest on the pillow.

The diary slips from your hand. You're dreaming again.



Chapter 8: Snow storm=[[edit](#)]

You're dreaming once more.

This time, again, darkness spreads beyond your room's door. And there, all lined up in this unnatural space, all those doors. No matter what you do, you'll always end here in your dreams. You already know about this place, but that doesn't make you much more confident. You open one of the doors slightly and peek inside. You feel immediately some kind of dreadful atmosphere, and fall back. You repeat this for a while.

You keep this sightseeing walk until you get interested in a particular door. It's a door in no special place, and with quite a plain color. It doesn't give a hostile vibration, but instead, that of a fairy tale. Staring at it full of interest, you push it open, softly, and step on the other side.

And what's ready to meet you there is a snow blizzard.

As far as the eye can see, an unpolluted snowscape. While covered in snow, this is again quite a vast space. But unlike the other gloomy, bloody scenery, at this side of this door, the light reflecting in the snow makes everything seem at peace and joyful. Relieved by this, you start walking.

The wind leaves traces on the snow. You spread the red umbrella that you seem to have taken a liking to, and preventing the snow from blinding you, you start walking. Strangely enough, you don't seem to feel any cold, and keep walking in quite a light way. Could it be that you can't feel cold or heat since it's a dream? It seems you don't need to warm yourself.

You go on jumping, like a snow rabbit. Sometimes crouching down to make a snow ball and throwing it away without any purpose in mind. You lose balance and fall on your rear, getting all covered in snow, but you seem to be having fun and don't care about it. With the impact, a tree's branches wave, and the snow falling from it covers yourself entirely, making you look like a snowman. But, like a little kid would, you stay in high spirits. Like a happy dog running around in a garden, the snow makes everything look so much bright. Somehow, it feels kinda unreal, as if the dirty and ugly things were all covered by the snow... A huge playground that fell from heaven.

Snow may look gentle and fun, but nothing further from reality. In Dante's Divina Comedia, it's something that steals warmth, that robs life, that kills everything and ruins fields. Winter is linked to dead, and in a way, shares a meaning with sleep. That's why you should stay away from here as much as possible, leaving the beautiful, unstepped scenery of white as pure and charming as you think it is. The floor covered in thick snow is surely hiding things that you wouldn't want to see. You may not realize, but it robs you of the warmth of your body and gnaws it, or rather freezes it. It's something obvious, but you are like someone that just went back to being a little kid. In this dangerous storm, you keep your cheerful gait.

Before long, in this fuzzy landscape, you meet something out of the ordinary. A little cave made with ice... in other words, an igloo. When you look at it close, you realize it's made by small, compacted blocks lined up.

In people minds there are many more things than one could ever imagine. Those things are jammed into boxes and stored in the depths of your brain. They come with a precious wrapping and a "With my best wishes" written on it, but you can open them anytime you want.*** Just like those crystallizations of memories, these igloos seem to be made guarding important recollections, laying here and there. They all look warm, but small, like treasure boxes. You step at the entrance of one, covering yourself from the blizzard. You lower your umbrella and enter in this consciousness.

Curious, just like the match selling girl, you let yourself relax and start examining your surroundings, letting yourself go into pleasant and happy memories. But of course, you don't realize. Just like a little girl would, you are completely absorbed in your games. Falling and rolling on the floor, jumping like some animal's offspring. Hiding. Sliding on the sledge. Everything on your surrounding shines with it's own light, like a field of blooming flowers. You are showing your most sincere and happy smile. A warmth in your hands. That's the kind of security you show.

But those are just memories of a distant past. Like a snowflake that falls on your hand, all that melts away as you approach it and disappears.

As if you suddenly were conscious of the cold, and looking for new warmth, you step into the next igloo. You repeat this, recalling all those precious and nostalgic memories. You enter nonchalantly the next igloo, but stop right at the entrance.

There's a girl already inside.

It's really strange to find another person in a dream. When it does happen, they are either a shadow of your memories or an abstraction of an idea. I wonder which is it here. That girl is sitting down, embracing her own knees, and seems to be sound sleep. In a blink, you walk to her side, but there's no reaction. It's as if she's completely buried into herself. As if she was trying to protect something, like a treasure. That girl looks like you. But somehow younger. Like a little version of yourself. A pure you that, after playing around in the pure white snow, ended up sleeping here. Trapped in her happy childhood memories. Sealed away in her sleep.

On a cold night, one gets instinctively close to a fireplace or a stove, and just like that, in a single instant, as if you wanted to warm your cold body, you curl like a fetus besides the girl.

Stop. You mustn't wake her up. If she were to wake up, she would have to face the real world. She wouldn't be able to live on. The bitter things, the painful and sad moments, they would mince her body into a puddle of blood. But as long as she stays asleep, she can stay in her happy and comfortable memories, to keep being a little kid... It's better that way. You shake the girls shoulder softly with your hand.

But suddenly, you turn around as if you had felt some presence. At the entrance of the igloo, surrounded by the snowy landscape, there's something.

It's a small woman. Small enough to fit into your hands. She wore what looked like pure white Japanese burial clothes. Her mysterious blue hair made it clear that she wasn't human. She looked just like a doll one would use to play house.

You tilt your head slightly, as in doubt, and approach her. You reach your hand out to her, slowly, as if you were trying to pick up that surreal fairy. But the blue haired doll avoids your fingers easily, and starts running away, as if frightened by you. You start chasing her. In the middle of the blizzard, you reach out with both hands to her, that can't run that fast, and press her against your chest, embracing her.

The doll doesn't resist you at all. You won't let her go, just like a kid, unable to let go a blanket with their own scent. Even when they become adults, and it ends in the storeroom, they wont throw it away. And if someone carelessly buys them a new one and throws the old one away, they will feel sad. The doll was like the crystallization of that pure feeling of love and affection one feels as a kid for her friends, and evoked such fun memories. You were embracing all that.

You came a long way chasing her, and the igloos were no longer visible. Your ragged, white breath made your fatigue obvious. In the palm of your hand, the doll is slowly crumbling. Like the Snow Woman that melts away after receiving the love of men. As if the warmth of your body after running turned her into water, cooling you. Relaxing you.

But even after having disappeared, the doll has left something important behind... something that gave you courage and refreshed you. You embrace the remains of your little friend as something precious to you.



Chapter 9: Bed[\[edit\]](#)

You stand there, without moving, for a while.

As you stand there, embracing the remains of that little doll, like a child, in the middle of the snowy landscape, the snow starts wetting your skirt. But you don't move, as if you intended to be buried by the falling snow. And finally you notice at the corner of your eye.

You can barely see it, but there's an igloo. As if seeking its warmth, accepting its tempting invitation, you start walking. Unaware.

In the place where you were until now, there were a lot of igloos together, as if they were a flock of birds getting together, trying to keep each other warm in a cold day. But this one was alone there, isolated, far from any other igloo. If the igloos were the crystallization of your fun memories as a child, this one that's so far must mean there's something you don't want to remember there.

It was an unpleasant situation, but there were no other igloos on sight, so you keep advancing vigilantly. You didn't know what kind of sadness or grief was awaiting you there. You suddenly stop on your feet. From deep inside the igloo you were approaching, there's a face peeking at you.

From the moment you see it, you know you'll hate it. It doesn't match the beautiful and snowy landscape at all with. It's ugly and unpleasant. You falter and decide to go back. In front of your eyes, something comes out of the igloo, poisoning the snowy landscape, polluting it with its footsteps, walking as if it owned the place.

In a way, it looks like a woman. A graceful, well-bred woman. She wears a gaudy dress and her hair is beautifully arranged. She looks quite refined... But her face is grotesque. She has huge eyes, but with tiny pupils, like a carnivorous bird; a long and pointy nose, like that of a witch; and when you look closely at it, her dress has poisonous feeling about it, like a wasp's or a spiders colors, meant to warn predators of their venom. She mustn't get close to you. It's dangerous, evil. That's the feeling you get from that ominous woman.

In a way, her height reminded of that of an adult's. Apparently, that woman doesn't have any particular interest in you, that keep your slow retreat, and she keeps walking without a care. It was almost as if she doesn't see you. As if she is in a completely different dimension of yours, the tall woman keeps loitering around, without taking notice of you.

Your reaction had been exaggerated. Suddenly, you start digging in the snow. Your fingers became red with frostbite, but you continued with your work without a care. After a short while, under the fallen snow, you finally manage to find the street light you remember so well. The one you found on that highway, fell on you, and became a part of you.



Why is such a thing here, buried in the snow? How did you know that digging there would bring it out? It's a mystery, but as if you had a theory yourself, you don't seem to be surprised at all by this. You embrace the traffic light with your shivering arms, and then put it on from the hole under it. Like a full body costume. And you look used to it, like someone that puts on her uniform everyday. You change the light to red, as if you were requesting to the tall woman walking around absentmindedly to "stop". The woman sees that, and she stops as if she was in a comedy routine. She stands still, or rather, she is completely paralyzed. She has one feet up, ready to take the next step forward, but doesn't move at all. Her fingers and her hair were still too.

You had put on the street light and projected a strong feeling of rejection. Stop. Don't move. Don't get close. No. Negative. You're wrong... With those feelings, you project the red light, and while being careful of not turning around with that street light you are wearing, you start to run away as fast as you can. Of course, not looking ahead makes it hard to walk over the snow, and you trip, falling down clumsily. As you fall down, with a perfect synchronization, the street light cracks, and you come rolling out from it.

Since the street light is broken, the tall woman begins to move again. You run away in fear, frantic, without even looking back. And then, you see something completely unnatural in front of you.

It appeared without warning from amidst the blizzard. It's something that shouldn't be here, in this white landscape. A bed. A plain and simple bed. What's more, the snow didn't pile on it, as if it was somehow warm. You run to it without losing a second and get the blanket over your head.

You cuddle, and shiver. As if you had seen some horror movie. Or as if your parents had scolded you and you were reluctantly to sleep. You closed your eyes strongly, as if you were trying to force yourself to sleep, curling under the blanket.

Falling asleep when you're already dreaming. Finding a bed deep into your bed. Falling deeper, closer to the core, as if you were sinking into the sea depths. While you do that, the tall woman keeps walking around aimlessly outside the bed. Like an overprotective parent checking if the noisy kid is asleep. With her awfully disgusting eyes rolling constantly. Looking into the bed, as if she meant to pour an awful curse on you if you were to show the most little sign of being awake. The woman is not going away. She just keeps walking around endlessly.

Sleeping is your scape route. Running away and closing your eyes in front of what you don't want to see. But there's a fundamental difference here. A family you hate, a workplace or school you hate... you have to face those again as soon as you wake up. Reality is always right there, waiting for you, no matter how deep you try to go in your sleep. Of course, sleeping is not gonna fix anything. The woman keeps walking around you purposelessly but tirelessly. Without a shred of affection nor love, checking if you make any reaction inside the bed, with her endless observation. Ready to strike a cockroach as it appears, to pull off a hair with splits ends... as soon as, maybe out of discomfort, you move, even if only slightly.

You just want desperately to get away from that unpleasant tall woman. But hiding is not gonna help you. You start searching under the blankets for something that may help you, taking care that the tall woman doesn't notice. And there is something.

It's the small doll with blue hair that you thought had disappeared just a while back. Like a restless kid in bed, you embrace that carefully. You press her against your chest, and with a smile on her face, she disappears. Usually, it's hard to see under the blankets, but who hasn't light a flashlight and played as if the ruler of their own little kingdom? In such a dim light, you see the doll become a set of changing clothes.

At some point, all girls forget about dolls and start to care about their clothes. Dressing up fashionable, taking care of makeup..... and by doing so they become dolls themselves. With that, girls turn into women, and seal their memories deep into their dreams.

You change under the blanket. In a sense, it's like someone that tries to stay warm while changing into their uniforms on a cold morning. Holding for a little longer the need to face reality, and lingering under the blanket of dreams. As soon as you finish changing, you come out of the blanket.

Looking at you, it's hard to tell you apart from the doll. The burial clothes. Your hair, with that blue color. It was a perfect imitation. Every woman has sometime wanted to change into the clothes of a doll they loved as little girls.

You look only once at the tall woman. But she doesn't seem to care at all about adults or dolls. Uninterested, she turns away and leaves somewhere else.

You let out a sigh of relief, and turn towards the igloo you were aiming for earlier. You were strongly dragged to it. The tall woman is far away now, so you enter calmly into it.

It's clearly different from any other igloo you've seen. In the floor, there is a spring. It was a small puddle, the size of one you'd use to rinse your face every morning. It has a strange hue, like that of a thick lotion or face cream. Everyone rinses their faces when starting to face reality in the morning. Then, adult girls turn to makeup.

While thinking about all this, you sink your fingers into the spring.

Somewhere, the tall woman's scorning laugh echoes full of contempt.

Chapter 10: Who are you?[[edit](#)]

You wash your face.

Suddenly, you're aware that the scenery around you has completely changed. You're in some watery place, as if all the snow around you had melted away. The cold water reaches up to your ankles, getting into your shoes. As far as the eye can see, this is a place where a small kid would happily play splashing water everywhere. Even with the water that up, you walk happily. The water splashes, and while it's kinda hard to walk, you move gracefully, almost dancing.

Water is life itself. Everyone's body, and even corpses, are mainly made of water. It's the thing you need the most to live, so everyone seeks water instinctively. If you let yourself sink in the warm water of a bath, up to your shoulders, you'd reach peace of mind. You'd relax. In this calm mood, a bright smile arises on your face.

The water is crystal clear, and nothing obstructs your view. It resembles a southern shoal, with clear sand, like a jewel paved road. It draws a unique pattern under your feet, like that of skin's photo zoomed in.

Like a kid's skin covered in sweat after playing around for long, hugging a friend... It gave that feeling of not at all unpleasant dampness. You wipe the drops of water jumping to your face with the back of your hand.

The gentle light reflects on the water's surface, illuminating you. At some point, you had stopped wearing the burial clothes you wore up until before you washed your face, and wore now your usual clothes. Your hair is tidily tied, and your braids bounce cheerfully as you walk. You're walking on a wonderful scenery, like that of a fairy tale, like the world a happy child sees, a magical world of sorts. The water level is low clear, cleaning your very soul.

Around you, there is a rocky, fragile area, as if it was made of sugar. It's a pure white platform. You reach a place where you can easily climb it, reluctantly step up and shake your head strongly, getting the water off you. You squeeze your braids too. Move away the bangs sticking to your forehead, you take a look around.

This area is somewhat complicated. It looks mostly like a maze. The terrain is shaped in strange ways, in a way that makes walking through here without thinking quite tedious. Even if you wanted just to play around, you'd find a lot of limitations, and this feeling of being blocked was quite frustrating. While you're at a loss, gazing over the overly complicated structure of this place, you notice something hanging at your side. It's a thread. Actually, a balloon. The kind that kids love, with bright colors and a thread hanging from them.

Like any child would, you grasp its thread tightly. And just as you do that, your feet lift off the ground lightly.

You're completely floating, disregarding the laws of physics. You become slightly confused as the balloon guides you to even greater heights. You're escaping from that grotesque maze like structure, flying away from it. You are being taken away.

The balloon begins to flicker unsteadily, becoming unreliable as it keeps going higher. You're being led by the wind around you, but as long as you don't let go, the balloon keeps supporting you. It protects you, it gives you strength, covers for you, and in a way, makes you go forward... In a sense, it's like friendship.

The hesitation from not knowing what to do makes you release the thread, even if only slightly. Before you can even notice, the balloon deflates and loses its air. But just as that's happening, a new balloon appears right besides you. You grab this new balloon. As the years go by, your friends will pass by and change. Just like friendship goes away,

as the love withers, you part with those balloons. But no matter where you put your hand, there will always be a balloon there. You are betting everything on that fact.

As you keep going higher, the air grows colder. Your breath is frozen, pure white. Your breathing becomes ragged as it becomes harder to take air into your lungs. The last balloon in your hand is so small that it has lost all its buoyancy. As if you were becoming anxious, you begin to move your legs and arms, struggling. You're so high up that you can't even see the ground anymore. If you were to fall, you wouldn't come out unscratched, even if this is a dream. Like a lonely girl in search for someone that would love her, you keep looking around you, frantically.

And you find it. It's close to you. A small, floating island. You struggle with all your might to reach there, to that patch of land that resembles the white, bothersome maze down there. But unlike there, in this place there are what looks like tents. You gather all your courage and let go the balloon, falling down.

Falling from that height, you're unable to land properly, and fall on your ass. Since it's a dream, it doesn't hurt, and you just shake your head in surprise while standing up, nervously. While so high, the air becomes thin and cold. But your struggling allowed you to reach this place.

As if you were suddenly worried about your appearance, or as if you were entering some kind of solemn religious place, like a temple, you squeeze your still wet clothes and slightly arrange your hair. In front of that huge tent.

You gulp down in amazement. The tent was lovely and flashy. It was dazzling, as if a kid had filled it with all the colors he liked. Or like a little girl trying to act all grown up, trying to show off her shiny toy jewels... you walk ahead, hesitant. Like the igloos, it gave off a warm feeling, but it was clearly more extravagant. A happy feeling lingered in the air, as if there was someone pleased by being able to boast off in front of others... You are feeling kinda guilty, like an uninvited guest that arrives without warning. And you peek secretly inside the tent, stepping inside.

What you see there is a place so lovely that you could have never imagined it by looking at the tent outside. It looks as if you could become happy just by staying here, like the place where the princess of a fairytale would live. Like a room filled with all the treasures of a child raised with love. The difference with the dream landscape you've been walking through up until now is obvious. Just as if you'd entered the precious memories of some other person. That's exactly what it looked like. And that may be why you don't seem comfortable, since it's as if you were facing a place filled with the love you seek, meant for someone else.

On the floor lays an expensive looking carpet. Walls decorated with fun and pleasant paintings. A soft and fluffy bed on one corner. A pretty arranged desk and bookshelf with happy, adventurous, lovely books neatly arranged. A place that could make your racing heart calm and heal...

You're overwhelmed by the view of this room for a while. But finally, you notice.

Just in front of you, standing there, who knows for how long... In this small room, there's no place nor room to hide. So obviously...

"Sorry for the messy room".

I talk to you as if you were a friend that came unannounced. I start playing with a lock of hair over my shoulder.

"Let's see... do you need something from me?"

For starters, I'll go with that. You don't react for a while. But your mouth moves, as if you were trying to put your thoughts into a silent voice. You're probably wondering something like this.

Who are you?

Yume Nikki:Chapter 11

baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php

Part 2 - Me

Chapter 11: Bystander[[edit](#)]

I am looking at you.

You stand there, fazed, in your adorably decorated room.

“Well...”

I place my hand on my chest, regulating my breathing patterns.

I tell myself to calm down.

This is a situation I have never imagined that would happen.

You and I must be having the same dream that allowed your presence. Therefore, I have thought about and rehearsed over how I should react to you when I confront you.

But I am so nervous I stutter, as if I suddenly came across a television star on the street.

“Wel-Welcome. No, wait, this isn’t a shop. Well...”

I stand in front you, who are looking back at me. Unable to articulate myself clearly, I am left helpless.

No one can really act according to his or her wishes in a dream.

“It’s cold outside, I guess. There isn’t anything here, but let’s just take a break.”

I point at the sitting mat in the corner of the room.

You remain still, uneasy, perhaps. You might be thinking of something, but it couldn’t be seen on your face. You stagger to the bookshelf beside the wall and commence your investigation.

For someone else to touch things in my room is bothering, for such intrusion is impolite, yet I reckon that your act is an expression of intimacy for an old friend.

“The books here don’t mean anything. What is placed here...”

I have come behind you, looking over your shoulder. On the bookshelf are books with same cover. Beside the bookshelf is a framed picture of a large creature drawn adorably, resembling a whale or an elephant. Both evoke the assuring sense of being large and reliable.



To you, this place I have is a place you can unwind and rest.

You must have gotten tired from having walked around so long, with nothing to cure your fatigue.

This is why I have to tell you.

“Do you know that all of them are the dream diaries you wrote?”

Unreasonably pacing back and forth the bookshelf has turned you irascible. I take one of the books and flip it open, only to see numerous words on it conveying sophisticated connotations.

A small red umbrella, traffic lights—these are what you have originally written.

But there are other wrecked words that were written as if they were embodiments of the search for darkness—frogs, witches, traffic lights. I incline to tell myself I know the connotations of these words, yet there are also words that I could not make sense of and that I also hate—cleaver, caput, ‘eyeball-hand’.

“You record memorable words that are important to you, for dreams are extensions of the unconscious, forgotten soon after you awake from them. In such instances, only the bygones that have engraved in your psyche can be imprinted in the depths of your brain like a screen projected by a computer.”

I lay out the book to you.

And I say to you, panting, “I’ve thought about a lot of issues, for time allowed me, and rendered me bored enough to wonder why I am lost in this nightmare, and whether I can escape from it, which, I believe, is the same thing you have in mind.”

I pick up another book, a professional-based book, which has so much missing information it seems it is written deliberately not to contain what we know. Reading it feels like going through the vague memories left by the books we have once read, so whether the information in the book is correct or wrong, our fabrication or even our distortion—we could never know.

I say, pointing at that book for awhile, and pointing back at the dream diary for awhile, “For example, street lamps have never appeared. Be it the straight road along the trees, the corpse, or even the monsters in the depths, I think they can be analyzed by Freud’s psychoanalysis of dreams.”

I sound like a child showing off to his friend the knowledge she has acquired.

My words carry passion that not even I can stand.

“The founder of psychology is its father—Freud. He said dreams are the product of the suppressed unconscious. The unconscious is the pressure, the desire, the dispute in our reality that has been suppressed and shoved and amassed into the depths of our psyche. It is the soup boiling in a pan.”

You are the monster at the end of the straight road.

You breed in your psyche the hate, the desire, and the malice that cannot be realized or dealt with. They form in the depths of your psyche the disputing monster, that is, you yourself.

When you are dreaming, you are confronting your unconscious—the monster in yourself.

When you escape and awaken from it, you only need to distract yourself. A person with no weapon of psychology would only be murdered, gobbled, and digested by the monster, eventually becoming one with it.

“Rationality is the state of suppressing our nature. Mental or psychological disorders are the result of failure to

suppress that monster. It is when rationality the hero loses to the monster; it is when this wall is crushed and the monster infiltrates into reality—this is what Freud proposed. It is of course a reductionist approach, but it merits itself for being easy to understand.”

Dreams are monsters, the desires and nature we suppress. Our lives are the incessant battles of the blade, the chains, and the shield of rationality against these monsters, forcing them to subjugation.

But this is an overly sloppy proposition. It is contradictory to use a mere opposition between rationality and nature, good against evil, to explain our sophisticated psyche.

Freud generalized the monster being suppressed as lust. He believes every dream is a symbol of the penis or the sexual act, which obviously sounds far-fetched and obscene. It may prove itself true for some circumstances, but the issue here is no less simple.

For there are more than monsters in dreams.

If we explain everything with his purport, people with psychological disorders will have to be pitiable weaklings lost to monsters. And the natural solution, as vulgar as a teenager’s manga, will be to cheer him up or to make him feel stronger.

Not everyone can be cheered up or made stronger. There are always undefeatable monsters. But if we follow Freud’s theories, we would only see ourselves as cowards.

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Chapter 12: Jung[\[edit\]](#)

I continue my explanation.

“I am more inclined to employing Jung’s theories. He was once Freud’s student, but divorced from him due to some conceptual conflicts.”

As passionate my explanation may sound, you have seemed to turned a deaf ear, putting your heart into simply looking out at the sparkling starry night beyond the window.

Bright stars foretell luck, dim stars misfortune.

You shake yourself in your gaze.

“Jung’s theories seem more to be proposed from comparing human psyches.”

To be honest, I don’t have a clear understanding of psychology, but I have worked hard in going through a lot of related information.

I did it to help you.

“If someone happens to have a gentle personality, never having crossed any lines of violence, he is in fact only expressing his first personality of gentleness. Embedded in his heart must be an exact opposing personality of extreme brutality and violence. These opposing poles of inclination are like the reality against the dream, brought forth by the distorted image in a mirror.”

Every inclination exists for its exact opposition.

This is the rule Jung deemed for first and second personalities.

What we are talking here is not an urban legend of multi-personality disorders, and although William Milligan’s story is fascinating, its exaggeration has created bias in us towards the term *personality*.

In fact, we can find the two reflective personalities, namely externality and internality, in anyone of us.

“We present in our daily lives our first personality, and in some occasions the second. These occasions include the time when we dream, when we sob and rant, depriving us of the ability to control our personality, or when we relax ourselves in front of our close family members.”

We call a person who is normally gentle and calm *a changed person* when she throw a tantrum.

When it is, in fact, only an alternation to her second personality. This button that changed her personality might well fit the description of *a changed person*.

It was only an exactly opposite expression caused by the alternation from the externality to the internality.

“We often hear that a husband do righteous deeds in front of men, but alcohol and violence to his wife, acting outrageously for the male chauvinism he hid. Or should there be one who speak great and inspiring words on the internet, yet becomes low profile and sincere when you meet him in person. We often hear of such internet addicts.”

These people switch their personalities according to their location—from homes to outdoors, from internet to reality.

Jung has an explanation for this: they can relax at home or in front of their computers, switching to a personality different from the one they express outdoors.

But this is by no means a sickness.

Everyone possesses the second personality, the opposition of the first. It sounds like a kind of physical law, where there must be a reaction when there is a force. In this sense, Jung has scientifically examined the sophisticated and ambiguous human psyche, building up a theory that could express the laws of psyches with chemical signs.

“Generally speaking, these two personalities balance each other and remain stable. If the balance is lost, we see a *changed person*. Like an overturned ship, the interior personality is revealed.”

But this is not a psychological disorder, for it might happen on anyone. We bear emotions, our psyches exhibiting fluctuations that balances itself throughout the day, changing like a Reversi game.

A sudden temper might only be the rare expression of the interior personality.

The real problem is original personality’s inability to recover when it has been overturned. Interior personalities are, basically, all trouble makers in our lives: irascibleness, atrocity, inability to communicate, insidiousness, obscenity, and the list goes on.

Should these personalities keep surfacing, they would wreck havoc in our society.

If someone else notices the aberrance in that person, he can make him receive treatment and return to normal by flipping over his alternated personality once again.

Even if he doesn’t return normal, he can eventually adapt to his alternated personality, for sometimes his other personality might even be brighter, easier to approach, and lovable. The only drawback, however, for others, is that he may not occur to be the same person any longer. This *changed person* looks the same, but he isn’t the man the others knew of him.

Anyway, this example of personality alternation may mislead one to consider this a result of a psychological disorder, but its weaker version is happening every day in our lives. The excessiveness that could tip off our psyche and alternate our personalities are realized only because of the trouble it makes.

We ought only to maintain our balance, keeping caution not to let our personalities alternate. If we fail to do so by ourselves, we could seek help from a doctor or those around us.

Be that as it may, both our exterior and interior personalities are constituents of ourselves, so it is difficult to determine whether we are balanced. Psyches are invisible to the eyes. Difficult it is already to diagnose a skin disease or a tooth decay that catches such attention, more it is for something that doesn’t.

As such, we fail to manage even our own condition.

We don’t even know whether we are sick.

“But there’s still a crevice through which you can pry through into your interior personality, and this crevice is your dreams.”

Deciding to cut to the chase, I titled my body frontwards.

And you just stood there, fazed.

“Human psyches can be divided roughly into the conscious and the unconscious. The exteriority is the conscious connected to reality. But in our psyches lie the unconscious, and there our second personality lingers. It records our memories and our experiences, and then symbolizes them. These symbols of unconscious can be pried into through a crevice, that is, our dreams.”

You are in a dream.

In other words, you are in your unconscious.

“Our conscious cannot work forever. It needs rest, and hence sleep, letting our body and our minds recuperate. Then we dream, where our conscious is replaced by our unconscious. Now you are in your psyche, your unconscious being the protagonist, lingering and pacing. Only when your conscious rest does the unconscious draw stories, that is, our dreams.”

This is where we are.

Memories and emotions are all symbolized in your dreams. Some of them remarkable enough to imprint a strong impression—a small red umbrella, traffic lights, and all sorts of other vibrant symbols that cause minute effects to your unconscious.

They are the sources for the changes of the unconscious.

We can call them *effects*, for they *affect* our unconscious.

You must collect these symbols in our unconscious, deciphering them to make peace in your psyche. Act like anyone else in her dreams: compromise to your psyche, float around in the unconscious to your heart’s pleasure, and you will heal the pain within.

Finally, you must come back to reality.

When you have satisfied yourself, having understood and made peace to your psyche, you must wake from your dream.

Otherwise, your reality will crumble.

Your conscious won’t be saved, and never will you be able to return to reality.

You should never let your unconscious drag you around and manipulate you.

The conscious is the connection to the real world. You must wake it up and face reality, for that is the way to live a normal life, and I hope you can.

However cruel your reality may be, an overturned ship still has to navigate in the sea of reality.

I have made such determination to speak to you such emphatic words.

Yet you remain silent, eyeing at me tenaciously.

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Chapter 13: The unconscious[\[edit\]](#)

You are eyeing at me.

Your silence startles me.

“W-What’s wrong?”

While I am still in my suspicion, you slowly open your small red umbrella, as if you want to block my view.

“Woagh.”

Your abruptness shocked me, throwing me to the floor.

And at the same time, despite being in a room, it started to rain. This is inconceivable, but I cannot be freaked out by any aberrance in a dream. Raindrops fall on my face. Afraid of letting the book I have opened become wet, I quickly close it.

And then I look up at you.

“In reality, you open an umbrella when it rains. That is the world of the conscious. But here, it rains because you open an umbrella. Cause and effect are reversed. *This is like Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, the love-letter-like story Lewis Carroll wrote to the young girl Alice. It contains important revelations, for Alice’s adventures are stories of dreams.”

When logic is overturned, and when cause and effect are reversed.

It is a dream.

You can argue that it is logical though, for *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* agrees with Jung’s psychological point of view.

“Grumble.”

Suddenly I am unable to move.

I am stunned upon hearing a strange sound.

I can only see you cover your whole body, from head to toe, with that signaler. At the same moment, the rain became heavy, soaking up the entire room. The weight of the rainwater pulled down the picture frame from the wall; the bed is wet; the floor flooded.

Fooling around, you flash that signaler, open and close, as though they meant ‘go’ and ‘stop’.

Because of this, I am intermittently rendered able and unable to move, without a sign of stopping. Even so, in such a condition between paralysis and freedom, I continue talking to you, my speech chopped in bits, “L-Look. The *effect* will affect the dream, sure, but only the details. The signaler means something, you know? Anyone living in a modern society is educated that red means *stop*, and green *go*. Is this an expression of your acceptance or denial, or is it common sense the society has gave you?”

During my speech, you put on perfectly white and clean clothes. I name this *the girl of snow*. It is the symbol (*effect*) you have just acquired.

In the blink of an eye, the room snowed. The water left have been frozen, the bookshelf and the cupboard covered with a fresh layer of snow. You really are acting according to your pleasure. For once, can't you just listen to me?

I am shivering in the cold, snivel running down from my nose.

I put all my strength to pull my shoes away off from the frozen floor to walk to you, who have, for no reason, placed your hand on the bed.

Hey, have you really been turning a deaf ear to what I said?

"A bed has significant meaning, but this is my bed, so you cannot sleep on it. I hope you won't be doing anything as lacking in common sense as snatching someone else's bed—this too in reality, this too in *the conscious*."

In the blizzard that could cause colds, I spit away the snowflakes that have flown into my mouth, and say with all my might.

"But having a dream inside a dream has an even more significant meaning. Well, in this book...oh, for hell's sake, please stop snowing!"

I want to affirm myself through the book, but the heavy blizzard is in my way.

I can only give up on doing so and put forth an explanation of whatever I can remember.

"Therefore, should you happen to find to bed in your dream, you can try sleeping on it. To dream in a dream may allow you to reach greater depths of dreams. This perhaps is the process of diving from *the personal unconscious* to *the collective unconscious*."

I speak behind you, while you remain silent.

"*The collective unconscious* is the foundation of all human beings. Humans observe with their eyes and connect to the world with their limbs. Common characteristics owned or shared by humans are observed as *the common unconscious*."

Myths are the most archaic stories.

And these myths in the world, even countries far away, share a shockingly large amount of similarities. The reason is the birth of symbols from the collective unconscious in humans.

Giants, who appear in myths again and again, are the symbol of evil, feared by children; it came about from the concept of fear towards adult's subjugation. The Great Flood that destroyed the world comes from the displacement between living safely in the mother's womb and coming out to walk with one's own legs in our real brutal world. This huge displacement is symbolized by the destruction and creation of the world. Deities, on the other hand, are symbols of respect to nature or the fear to natural disasters.

In every story, all of the emotions mankind would experience—happiness, sorrow, anger, dismay, love, hate, revenge, life and death—are embedded within.

Every human contains the stories *the collective unconscious* gives birth to.

"This is why we can find such similarities in myths or fairy tales, which led to the discovery of *the collective unconscious*. Discomfort in the darkness; fear of beasts and enemies; love from parents; love to the opposite gender to give birth to children; all of these biological instincts are also *the collective unconscious*."

I approach you, who are standing beside the bed, with a large step.

The bed, having been soaked completely and then frozen, looked miserable.

Is your denial the result of your hate of approaching the truth and *the collective unconscious*?

"If you are given the chance, you can have a dream again within your dream. *The collective unconscious* is a rule of the heart, a symbol of significant impact on the psyche. An example would be why so many people are saved only by having faith in their gods. The day would come where you must dive into *the collective unconscious* and re-evaluate your foundation."

I see you made no response to anything I said.

"Hey, at least hear what I have to say and face your inner self."

My head lowered in anxiety, I moan painfully.

"I want to help you to be released from this nightmare."

It is the honest opinion of the inner self.

Yet you maintain your silence.

I feel immensely deprived of strength.

"Hey, why aren't you paying me any attention?! I am saying all this for your sake!"

I call you agitatedly, my body trembling not because of the cold, but my impatience. Turning your head around and giving me a look is all I need. I stretch my hands to hold your shoulders.

I hope you can face me.

"What, hey?"

I fail to touch you.

As if there was a transparent film between us, my fingers can't touch you or feel your warmth. You and I seem to be in a different dimension, with no possible bridge. If this is the case, then why am I in your dream?

You go past me, linger with large steps around the room, as if you can't see me, or because you have lost interest in me. I am in such a bad mood I am about to turn into a monster.

Monsters are beings formed from past humans.

Suddenly noticing something, you look up.

Your eyes fall on the light switch near the entrance of the room.

Like a bored child, you reach for the switch.

All of a sudden, a fear of my heart being squeezed assails me.

No.

You can't touch that switch.

"Hey, stop that."

I beg with my husky voice.

“Please, stop it.”

Click, and the switch is pressed.

You...just wouldn't pay me attention.

Or you didn't understand what I said.

The lights in the room are turned off.

The room became pitch black.

As though you closed your eyes, as though you pretended you have seen nothing, as though you denied everything here, you allowed darkness to fill every corner of this dream.

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Chapter 14: Frog[\[edit\]](#)

I am falling into a pool of memories.

A pool of memories about your dream.

“Hey.”

I call you in repetition, following you from behind.

“Hey, listen to me.”

I remembered past events like projecting images. In this short instant your dream has been extended infinitely.

Even I have no idea of how far those events are in the past, though it was very far, I could tell. Like a Handan dream, one is prompted to consider it a long journey in one’s life, yet it is but a dream in a blink of an eye.

Therefore, it could have happened a few seconds ago, or thousands of years ago.

Anyway, I met you in this weird nightmare.

No, I didn’t meet you, I discovered you.

I have only vision but no contour, insignificant like a transparent man. I can’t even tell where my fingers are, but I follow behind you like a ghost.

The only moment when I could have a contour is when you stop your long lingering and reach the depths of the snow plain and enter the rainbow-colored tent. When you wake up, or when you pinch your own face, I will be forced to return to that tent.

Only when you wake up can I relax myself in that small, beautifully decorated room. I have no idea of why this is the case. Who are you? And who am I? I can understand nothing of this dream.

My lack of understanding perturbs me. I observe you from behind when you walk in your dream. I believe a key to solving all of this will appear somewhere, a key that will terminate this endless dream, cease this endless lingering, or shed light to the cause of this preposterous dream.

As such, I look for you madly, trying to intervene.

“Hey, wait.”

One day I luckily found you, walking with your two swinging pigtails.

The dream is broad and overly complicated, so I rarely meet you. Experience I have gained so far and your unique walking sound helped me find you.

At first I was cautious and only fixed my gaze on you. Then I couldn’t help but approach you. I try to make sounds, stretch my hand to you, but you take no notice and keep walking forward.

I am displeased by your negligence.

I chase you like a child wanting to get attention from his or her mother.

“Hey, stop walking already.”

Your pace isn't fast, but you walk in unexpected directions, so it is still hectic to follow you. You walk as if you know no fatigue, but I follow while panting.

It is difficult to believe that I can get worn out in a dream. And breathing in a dream sounds weird too.

These biological phenomena still restrict me in a dream.

If I am stabbed by a blade, I might as well bleed and die.

You walk in a dense forest. This forest has a fairy tale omen to it, like the forest where Hansel and Gretel discovered a candy house. A lot of trees and shrubs are grown inside. It is anything but a place for strolling. Still you stroll, harboring no fear of getting lost.

But I hate walking in this forest, afraid of tripping over tree roots, afraid of the bestial cries that come from nowhere, afraid of being engulfed in darkness by the dense branches.

The multitude of trees look like a crowd, forming lines that go off to their destinations, the station, the tram, the shops, and more. Among them, you appear especially lonely. Swiftly you walk, passing through those crowds.

Sometimes ghosts appear in the forest. They look the same as the disgusting sticky candies you find overseas, horrible monsters painted pink or emerald. They wander everywhere in the forest, some grinning, some sighing, some raging.

They would not hurt anyone, doing nothing but lurk in the forest like a beast. But if you approach them, they will stick to you wherever you go like a person of the visköses temperament, not letting go.

Like a gum chewed and spat on the road.

These ghosts are a bother, so you walked even faster.

Perhaps I am also a ghost that keeps on following you. I can't talk with you. I can do nothing but look at you. I am a more disgusting presence than those trees you ignore.

Memories made with others leave marks on the heart. Contact with others creates cracks that deform the heart. As learning creatures, humans gain important psychological energy during growth even from negative memories. These unpleasant memories are saved as reflective material that reminds humans of what to avoid or what not to do. Some of them are not forgotten, but instead integrated into the unconscious.

The most detestable or painful memories still engrave themselves in the heart. Unable to be seen or touched, the psyche will always amass uncleanable stains.

What stain is there in my heart?

“Hey, who are you? What am I? Where are we?”

I ask you several times, thinking you might know something.

I feel uneasy.

This terror of not knowing what I am myself shakes my sanity. I have nothing to depend on, like a ship in a storm. I made many assumptions, but they are not assured, and no one will come and agree.

The only thing I can ascertain is that I am in a dream, and you are the special one. Other things at most repeat what they have been doing, deformed objects that even I do not dare to approach. You are the only one who travel through different kinds of worlds and gradually alter them.

I believe you are special and living. With this conviction, I hope I can strike a conversation with you.

“Hey, can you hear me?”

I don't know whether you have a destination. Sometimes you walk straight without doubt, but sometimes you go in circles as if you are daydreaming.

The scene in this forest is the same everywhere, yet you walk around with no drop in enthusiasm. This isn't a place to enjoy bathing in a forest, and all you do is strolling.

When will this meaningless walk end?

Suddenly you stop.

You have found something, I presume.

In front of you, something is jumping and hopping.

It is a frog, eye-catching in this gloomy forest. Like a gem, its fatness accentuates its awe. More unbelievable, however, is that it does not hate its fat. It jumped around with vigor and life.

In a dream, a frog probably symbolizes luck, hope, and happiness.

It is my misperception, maybe, but I still think things have taken a better turn.

You are probably tired of this endless lingering in the forest. You walk quickly to the frog. I can only see your back, but I guess your eyes are gleaming. You pay completely no attention to me, yet you are so excited by that frog. I begin to become a bit jealous of the frog.

The frog has a very strong presence, as if it belongs to a higher class than the gloomy forest. You hold out your hands to the vibrantly jumping frog. It does not resist, and you easily catch it. You grip its front hinds, shaking it around to take a better look.

Your head tilted, you seem to be thinking of something.

Since you stopped, I manage to catch up to you, sitting flat on the floor, deprived of strength, busy in regulating my breathing. Then I fixed my gaze on you, waiting for something good to happen.

But however I wait, nothing surprising happened.

Disappointed, you throw the frog away crudely. Are you a child who loses interest in something that fast? I want to reprimand you, but it will be shameful to get angry over a mere frog.

The frog you threw lands on me. Thrown off, I fall to the ground.

After some effort, I got the hateful amphibian off from me and held it in my hands like a doll.

Then I call for you.

“Hey, I think there must be some meaning to this frog. Won't you try doing a little investigation?”

The frog stays on my hand docilely.

As if domesticated, it doesn't stick out its tongue, cry, or move.

"Probably this frog is the key to unlocking this dream."

I did my best to express what I think, yet you just continue walking.

I am getting impatient. I stand up, run a few steps in order to catch up with you. Cruelty rose in my heart. I did so much, yet you cared not a bit.

I cannot stand this.

You should be worrying and working as much as I do.

I put my face close to the frog's buttocks.

Then I kiss it and boldly blow into it.

A cruel game village children play.

If the frog, the symbol of happiness, disappears, you will understand what important thing you have discarded.

The frog expands, becoming as round as a balloon. Bigger and bigger it becomes, more unnatural it gets.

In the blink of an eye, the pressure breaks through the frog's skin and the frog explodes.

But its intestines didn't fly out. It popped only like a bubblegum.

"How? How's that?"

Even I myself didn't understand why I would say that.

Maybe the long walk has drained me out and driven me nuts.

Soon I notice the frog's skin has flown on your face.

You just stand there, fazed.

"Um. Sorry. Are you fine?"

As if I broke glass in a classroom and hurt a classmate, I am so terrified my face whitened, trembling too.

What am I doing? I did something terrible. I am reflecting on my wrongs, but a bigger question is what this meant.

The frog's skin moves on its own, morphs, and wraps your face.

When it touches you, its symbol of luck becomes something otherwise.

It looks like a frog mask, as if your entire head is replaced by a frog's face. Even those watery eyeballs look lively. You touch and poke your face with your fingers, unable to take it off.

Having become a freak with a frog head, you turn to me.

Have you finally noticed me?

I am as happy as a child who has attracted her parents with a mischievous act. Scold me, at least. Tell me I am a bad child and count the horrible things I did.

I tidy my hair, expecting for this moment.

With my hair done, I turn to you in embarrassment.

“I’m sorry. But you just don’t pay me any attention.”

I said apologetically.

But you made croak sounds.

“Hm?”

You open your mouth, sticking out your small and long tongue. It is not only a mask on you. Even the insides have been changed.

You throw your hands on the floor and jumped into the shrubs.

“Wait, where are you going?”

You jumped energetically away, leaving only croaking sounds for me to follow.

“Wait for me!”

Beat, I chase you.

I really have no idea of what is going on now.

But I sense something has slightly changed.

Yume Nikki:Chapter 15

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Chapter 15: Neon[\[edit\]](#)

I lost you.

But when I find you again, you are jumping around at somewhere mysterious.

Dark covered the place; dark figures stretched everywhere. It is an architecture without any illumination, as if blackness was the colour that dyed it. You, like a frog, meandered through the darkness in that architecture, passing through its lanes.

You run, at night, in this labyrinth-like architecture with a bad cosplay costume.

For your face is covered with the frog's skin, no matter how many doors you pass through or how many places you go to, your face will not change, so the frog is in itself a special change. I haven't named everything yet, but now that I think about it, the frog should be one of those *effects*.

How great it is for it to stick on your face, hard and unremovable.

As I continue persuading myself, I follow you. As you hop around, I feel you have thrown away the rationality in your human nature. You have became agile, and I have lost you a good few times.

This place is enigmatic and easy to get lost after all.

Architectures flood this place, yet darkness cover my eyes; I bump into things all the time, restraining my actions. These restraints seem to limit me, deprive me of strength and motivation.

But I won't give up now. I climb up a building with all my passion, yet the slippery wall gave me no place to hold on to: my hand falls off and strike me on the ground.

What the hell am I doing?

As I climb and fall dramatically, you have already dextrously passed through the crevices of the building and escaped from me.

No, I cannot let you go away. I must catch you.

The building in front of me sprays colours of all the spectrum like the neon lights on a night street. They also look like Christmas decorations, yet this piercing light is painful to my eyes.

I begin to feel worried.

You seem to have gone on a night trip, away from your boring house, but that isn't somewhere you can put trust on. This blazing light emitting from the building is its sign of not accepting your presence.

When you walk forward, noises spring up. These noises resemble car beeps, loud speakers, arcade machines, and computer stops; they also resemble sound of anger or sadness, they deter people, make them fear.

This seems like a *Location* that perturbs people, that puts stress on their shoulders.

I carefully walk along the enigmatic neon lights.

“Woah?”

So careful I was, my head still bumped hard into something, tipping off my balance.

That thing suddenly popped up in front of me.

“W-What is this?”

It is a large stand-up advertisement board, flashing like the neon lights, but it stood firm like a strong man. It has hands, legs, a head, and also a face; its eyes look sternly at me, yet its face is as red as a drunkard.

As it sit like a fitness champion, it still flickers like neon light: imagine such a peculiar being.

“What? Isn’t this only a decoration?”

It looks like an eerie advertisement board, standing there. Although they are invisible, they still though seem to have a nose, and it hurts a lot when I bump into them.

As I stand still, holding onto the board, suddenly something popped up and frightened me.

As I came to my senses, I am surrounded by squirming things.

“W-What’s this?”

A bunch of bright, creature-like things squirm around me. They are as big as me, or maybe smaller, squirming in weird ways and to strange directions.

Their shapes are different, but they emit the same kind of neon light. Some of them wriggle like tentacles; some of them look like arrows or flags; and some of them have only a big and round shining eye, a monster one could say... All of them are vivid, as if the microscopic creatures like fleas and parameciums are magnified to a joking scale.

Through their transparent bodies I see their capillaries and intestines that are so ugly I have to quickly avert my eyes.

Although we bear no understanding to these microscopic creatures and bacteria, their presence in our bodies and our surroundings is true. They have somehow stuck themselves on our lives. These creatures are thus defined *in such way*.

We don’t notice them, but they do exist.

When a normal and honest man steps into the urban noise, he enters a completely new world: all that comes to his eyes are flashy and delinquent females.

They have lived on the same ground and in the same age, yet they share no word or touch.

When you walk in the night, you look extremely excluded from these things. You won’t come into contact with them, nor would you give them an eye. But you feel sticking around with these dangerous flashy things a better option than solitude.

And so you jump into them.

I want to chase you, but these weird things stop me, restricting any movement I could manage.

I can hardly breathe among them. They take pleasure in noise and lavish it. This strikes me as a carnival or parade for monsters.

How good and refreshing it would be to be a member of them. But to me, excluded, I would feel nothing but depression and unrest. If I join the clamour of this parade, I am sure I would be led astray—If I become one of these night ghosts, I could never recover my human nature again.

It would be like walking along a wrong path in life led by fair-weather friends.

But you, so ignorant, walked to those flashing beings.

“W-Wait!”

I run after you with all my might, like a mother who fears her daughter will turn into a delinquent.

You cannot go there. No matter how boisterous it may look, it will someday perish.

“Guh?”

As I run frantically, my nose hit into a fat monster.

I almost fall down by the pain.

Can these monsters not notice me? Do they not know me or have no interest in me? They move according to their will, ignoring my presence.

If I get myself worked up over them, I would only be the troubled one who let them get into my nerves and trip me over.

I ignore them, push them away, and crawl under the muscular advertisement stand’s shoulder to reach you.

As I finally get away from that noise, I sighed with a phew.

It is as quiet as a dream. What a relief. Those piercing noises are poison to my body.

I let my hand resting on my chest to fall down, and I look up.

I witness it with my own eyes.

“Hey? What are you doing?”

You sit still in front of me.

You are still wearing a girl costume, entirely incongruent to your frog face. You make it like you have put on the wrong makeup set. You open your mouth, stuffing something inside like a predator.

It looks like a shimmering bird.

Bird usually means stress, but you choke it down, like stuffing coins into a frog’s mouth, or something bad like smoking or drinking alcohol.

“You can’t eat that!”

I shriek, running to you.

That isn’t something nutritious—well, hazardous I assure you. But you stuff it down as if you would die if you don’t eat anything.

You look like a kid who have been stripped from food.

What do you desire?

The neon bird flaps its wings in struggle, but it is gone as it runs down your throat.

I call you nervously at your side.

“Are you all right? Spit it out! Now!”

I scold you like I would scold a kid. I snatch your face and shake you about, to make you spit out the shimmering bird you swallowed. The magical thing is that I can touch you now—probably only when the frog is covering your face.

As you stay still, the frog’s skin peels off, revealing your face.

Your face is wet—I don’t know if it is sweat or some weird liquid—your eyes closed like you are sleeping, same as usual. This reassures me. If the face under the frog skin becomes someone I don’t know, I won’t know how to react.

Suddenly you hold your stomach and moan.

“Hey? Are you okay? Must be what you have eaten!”

I look at you worryingly.

Then you flashed—out of the blue.

Neon rays spilled from your whole body, just like the squirming creatures in this world. You have eaten the forbidden; you want to enter this place resembling the urban nights.

From skin to hair, you end up emitting rays across the spectrum.

You look as if you have put on makeup and put on flashy clothes, transformed from a chaste girl to a creature I have never seen.

And it is repugnant.

“Spit it out! You don’t need it!”

I scream out my lungs, dissuading you.

I hope you can retain your chastity and remain what you are. But the process of life is a process of contamination. With the cumulation of knowledge and experience, the flow of years will cover your chastity slowly with dust.

You can never return to the purity and innocence as a child.

Horrifying.

Even if you have changed your appearance and become flashy, you are still you. But I hate and loathe, or even fear, your transformed state.

Flashing, you pass through me.

Like a fairy.

Or like a changeling, a child stolen by fairies, a being alien to me.

Your psyche stolen away, you leave me.

Wait for me.

Don't leave me here.

I don't want to be alone.

Yume Nikki:Chapter 16

 baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php

Chapter 16: Sleepwalking[\[edit\]](#)

You are in a dream.

You don't seem to become tired of it no matter how long you stay here.

You wander around without any destination.

Electric signals seem to be travelling in your brain; you seem to have a heightened consciousness of yourself; you seem to be having a dialogue with yourself.

Your stagger around this enigmatic dream world endlessly.

An enigmatic world grown relentlessly with eyeballs and blood-smeared wrists. A large graffiti thrown in with colours of all sorts, which no one can recognise if they look from afar. A dark void with a school of dangerous primates holding spears and shields who just stand there. Mutated fish swimming in a fishing pool, screaming when you touch them, living along with other abominable wriggling beings. A flight of stairs stretching far into heaven. A flickering, broken television set placed in a barren land grown with ancient plants. And at the end are several girls with eyes as sharp as birds who are having a picnic with their open lunch boxes.

You slowly begin to get used to these effects, but you walk as usual. These endless suppressed stages approach us with staggering speed.

You slowly become bold, approaching fearlessly to things as enigmatic as they could be, entering new doors, heading into deeper caves, until you confront your inner ugliness you don't want to confront.

But you eventually got tired and worked mechanically. You lost interest in everything, lived like a zombie, and fell into repeating dreams—you have almost reached pseudo-death.

As you hate this fake death, you begin to collect impression-striking things in your dream. These things I name effects have great significance and are procured into your heart. You fill up your ego slowly with these things like puzzles.

Some of them have effects on your surroundings, and as you use them, you advance into even more out of the blue territories.

Every effect seem to be attached with a heavy and painful feeling. As you seem to fill yourself and grow as you collect them, you also become tired—like the process of maturing.

You too use these effects on yourself.

Take the bicycle as an example. In this world of wonder, a small transportation tool is placed. Riding it allows faster transportation and brings you to farther places. To me it is a pain to chase you who are riding the bicycle, your swaying ponytails travelling to the future in surprising speed.

Take the kitchen knife as another example. It's basically your only weapon. You stab mutated creatures with it to kill them. You stab vessels with long legs, things squirting blood, women who are boiling themselves with the onsen, toy soldiers, and more. You even seem to stab me too, so I don't get too close.

But these things have little effects on the surroundings.

Most of these effects are unavailing. They won't make significant changes to the dreamworld, nor will there be hyperbole effects. They only seem to be a little helping hand, such as glasses or rubs that make life more convenient but that wouldn't be lethal without them.

But there is nothing to do anyway. Effects should bear some significance, something they represent, so it is nothing bad.

I helped you in the dark with this in mind.

For example, there is something that spins around in high speed—I should describe as it a coin with a cat's shape. Its too deft for you to catch it, so I secretly gave you a bicycle and blocked the coin's path.

There is a tall strange man beside the fishing pond, so I tied his fishing wire to the effect sunk deep under the pond in advance.

There was an effect lost in the corner of a messy information room, so I threw the effect into a conspicuous monster's mouth so you would find it easier, but the monster ended up wanting to eat me too so I ran away in a panic.

So with our concerted (?) efforts, you searched the corners of the dreamworld and acquired effects of all kinds. There is now nothing for you to do now. Having completed this task of searching, you have no feeling of accomplishment, nor is there anything to entertain you.

Thereafter you wandered around as your mind really seemed to have died. I also gradually started doing meaningless things again and again, and followed you less, allocating more time to investigation and reasoning.

The only thing that retains its old appearance is the small room in the snowscape. I open the diary there and mark down each effect you acquired. Frog, neon lights, ghost, small man, blanket, soft...

I roll up my sleeves to analyse these unknown symbols, to identify their values, connotations, and metaphors.

They must bear a certain significance to you.

I believe this is the key to break the stalled status, to retain something important.

I thought about a lot of things. What does this dream mean? The only thing we can be sure about is that this dream is real. For only when you sleep on a bed do you go into these dream worlds. Anytime other than that, I cannot escape the small room.

So who are you?

Why am I in your dream?

And who am I?

Why am I so keen of you?

These analyses and investigations have trudged into the territories of philosophy—I cannot find an answer despite my contemplations.

I really hope someone smart can come and explain everything in detail to me.

But because this person doesn't exist, the only thing I can do is to follow and observe you, finding the reason to

everything through reasoning like digging in archeology: finding things in the underground layer of *you*, and doing inspection as I rub their dust off.

No one will tell me the correct answer. At least no one will give me evidence to tell right from wrong. I can only collect information, compare, and reason from the little evidence I have.

When you are awake—or when I'm in the small room—I cannot touch or talk with you. But I can look at you at a distance from the television set in the room.

You are so far away you seem to be at the other side of the television, unable to be touched.

The time you're awake is extremely short. You sleep as much as an infant. The time when you are awake is so short it resembles nights that you can't sleep, dozing off to space on your bed. The small room has always been so plain that nothing important resides there.

When you are awake, you often write your diary on the table. The astonishing thing is that the things you write, the words, are very like—no, exactly the same as—the ones I wrote: flute, bicycle, golden hair, hair band...

I am at your side in your dream, so the things we see are exactly the same. It should be no surprise the things that left an impression on us would be similar.

The borders between you and me are slowly becoming blurred.

My obstinate investigation to your issues has bridged the distance between us. Our blurred borders are gradually melting.

I, you, I, you.

Your dream seems to be devouring me like the sea devouring a water droplet.

I feel relieved as I chase you. I stretch my arm so I can fall deeper.

I hope to stay at your side.

The effects you collect should be the important things in your inner self. These effects fill you up.

Billy Milligan integrated his twenty-four split personalities into one to become a complete personality. You integrate your perfect psyche by combining your conscious and unconscious to become a sublime saint, an intelligent animus or a meaningful animus—perhaps you can become a deity.

If this is your goal, I can help you. You hope you can become stronger so you won't fall apart like the Humpty Dumpty. I hope you can acquire a strong psyche so it wouldn't be lost or hurt.

Even though I am not one of those effects, perhaps something unworthy of acquisition, a meaningless existence that leaves no impression, or even if I would lose my residence when your psyche is complete, I am willing to do so.